Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON. : : MISSOURI.

LIGHT.

All is dark about our feet—
Fair the pale sky overhead—
'Neath the trees the shadows meet,
From the world the day is fled.

Falteringly our way we trace,
Where the dreaded terrors lie;
But we upward lift our face,
To the wondrous sunset sky.

Here we stumble as we go—
There the star paths are so sure.
In our freedom do we know,
That some laws must still endure?

For unlike the stars above
We ourselves must choose our way—
And for us, great God of Love
Grant Thy Light at close of day.

May we, when the shadows fall
Lift our faces up to Thee.
Through the darkness hear us call,
Be our guide—since we are free.
—Mrs. Edna Judson Wilde, in N. Y. Observer.

New Lamps for Old

"HOW good of you to come," said Mrs. Lambert, leaning over the side of her yacht and looking down on a man in a boat.

"How good of you to have me," he replied, cordially, looking up.

He ran quickly up the ladder and caught the hand she offered him. She could not meet his questioning eyes, but turned away and dropped into a basket-chair, under the shelter of the deckhouse.

"Well?" she said, as he drew up a chair beside her.

"Well," he echoed softly, and touched the back of her hand lightly with the tip of his fingers. "You are wonderful, Mamie. Have you made a bargain with Time that he leaves you unfanned by his blighting wing? You look exactly the same as when we parted three years ago—"

"Three years?" she interrupted quickly. "Oh! it can't be as long as that."

"Hasn't the time seemed long to you?"

"No—yes," she answered, confusedly. "I mean—you see, so much has happened to me since then I've lost count of time."

"Poor little woman. I wish I had been at home during your—trouble; but there were prospects of fighting on the frontier, and I couldn't get leave, and, as a matter of fact, I didn't hear of George's death till December—nearly three months afterward. Why didn't you write to me?" he added, reproachfully.

"I couldn't," she said, shortly.

Her mouth was trembling and her fingers nervously picking at the silk fringe of her sash. He thought it a trifle absurd for an eleven-months' widow to display emotion at the mention of a husband who had treated her notoriously badly, and for whom she had never pretended the smallest affection.

She jumped up and stood at the top of the ladder to welcome the return of her guests.

"I think you know them all," she said, looking over her shoulder at Maj. Tempest: "it is only a family party, with the exception of Sir Christopher Sheridan and Miss Baird."

"Miss Baird?" he repeated. "What Miss Baird?"

But Mrs. Lambert was watching a tall, gray-haired, elderly man, who was still in the boat, and did not answer.

Anthony Tempest leaned over the side of the yacht and looked at the ascending party—two men and two girls. One of the girls turned her face up.

"You here!" she cried, smiling. "Oh!"

Tempest felt his heart beat uncomfortably fast and the blood sing in his ears, as he interrupted his hostess' introduction.

"We are old acquaintances. Miss Baird and I met in India last winter."

"What is troubling you to-night?" said Sir Christopher, kindly. "You look desperately sad."

He was sitting alone with Mrs. Lambert in the bows. From the deck saloon came the sound of music and laughter. Joan Baird was singing songs from a comic opera to Anthony Tempest's guitar accompaniment. There was a little wind, and the lights of the yachts looked like low and wavering stars against the dark sky.

"I am lonely."

"Come to me."

"I have told you before—I cannot. Do not ask me again."

"There is some one else," she answered, slowly, drooping her head. "You know what George was—and I had a friend—

"He was more than a friend. I loved him, and now that I am free—"

"He still loves you?"

"Yes."

"And you?"

He peered through the darkness and tried to read her face.

"Not now."

"Then come to me."

"Do you still want me—after this?"

"Yes, if you want to come."

"When will you marry me?" he said, presently.

"I don't know—perhaps never," she answered, despondently. "I'm not free."

"But you will be?"

"I don't know."

The music ceased somewhat abruptly; the two performers declared the saloon too hot, and strolled out on to the deck, where they slowly paced up and down. After awhile they came to a standstill close to the wheel.

"So our delightful week is over," she sighed.

"I wonder if you are half as sorry as I am?" he said. "Miss Baird—Joan—tell me, are you really sorry? Do you care for me a little?"

"You know I care very much," replied the girl, looking straight into his pleading eyes.

He took her in his arms and kissed her passionately, then almost pushed her from him and turned away with a groan.

"Good God! What am I doing?" he exclaimed.

She caught his coat sleeve.

"What is the matter? What do you mean? Don't you love me?"

Her big gray eyes stared at him wide open and afraid, and her voice faltered.

"I'm a blackguard—a scoundrel. I love you, and I've made you love me, but I can't marry you. Oh! Joan, Joan!"

"You are already married, ah—ah!" and she covered her face with her hands.

"No, no," he cried, "but—"

She turned toward him and gazed at him with all her love in her eyes.

"But what?" she asked.

"I'm engaged—I mean, I'm going to marry some one else."

"Is that all?" she said. "Oh, Tony, how you frightened me! That's nothing—you can break it off.

"Well?" she said, nervously, laying her hands on his shoulders.

"I can't break it off," he said, drawing her close to him. "I'm sort of bound to her, you know."

"I don't want to know any more," she interrupted, quietly. "Let me go," and she stepped back a pace as he released her. "Good-by," she added, brokenly, "I—I'm sorry."

She turned suddenly, ran quickly along the deck and down into her cabin.

"Come here, Tony," called Mamie from her nest of rugs and cushions where Sir Christopher had left her. "Come and talk to me for a moment. Must you really go to-morrow?"

"Yes," he replied, gloomily.

"What is the matter?" she said, quickly.

"Nothing."

"Are you vexed with me about anything?" she asked, anxiously.

"No. Why should I be?'

"I don't know, but you haven't been near me the last three days."

"You always seemed to have Sheridan in your pocket."

"Are you jealous?"

"Oh, no!" and he laughed, but with an air of embarrassment.

"Don't you think we had better get married at once?" he said, suddenly.

"Married? No—no!" she cried, starting forward; then leaned back among her cushions, and continued,

"GOOD-BY, I—I'M SORRY."

in a subdued voice: "Don't you think we are really much happier as we are?"

"What do you mean by 'as we are?'"

"I mean—not married."

"But—I don't understand. Don't you want to marry me, Mamie?"

"Do you still love me?" was the soft counter-question.

"Yes."

"As much as you loved me three years ago?"

Antony Tempest pulled his mustache and looked away.

"Let us be honest with each other, dear Tony. Of course it is rather humiliating that, after all our vows and tears and protestations of eternal fidelity, we should have fallen out of love with each other and into love with some one else; but I'm afraid it is a fact, isn't it?"

"Yes," he said, looking at her with amazement through the darkness.

"If I tell you my secret, will you tell me yours?"

He nodded.

"I want to marry Sir Christopher. And you?"

"Joan," he said, smiling, and lingering tenderly on the name.

Then he knelt beside her and took her hands.

"Mamie, Mamie, what a clever little witch you are! Do you know that, in spite of everything, I am inclined to be jealous of Sir Christopher?"—Ladies' Field.

MONSTER PHONE AS A PASTOR

Sermons Which Are Automatically Rendered Daily in a London Church.

A curious scene daily takes place at the Church of St. Mary-at-Hill, London. Between the hours of 1:15 and 1:45 heavy curtains are drawn upacross the windows and a magic lantern throws on a large screen in the center of the church the name of the hymn which is being intoned by the fine old organ.

To this novelty has now been added what is called a "monsterphone," which is turned on every afternoon and delivers a sermon by some eminent preacher. It sounds clear and sonorous, though a trifle uncanny at first.

The service has become popular at once and is daily attended by large crowds.

Not Barred.

The game laws which prohibit wild fowl and wild animals for the holiday season do not say anything about such game as poker, says the Denver Post, which will continue to have its place on the table.

Socialistic Experiment by Swiss.

The city of Bern, Switzerland, is making the socialistic experiment of building free—or practically free—workshops for artisans.

South African Victoria Crosses.

Twenty-five Victoria crosses have been awarded so far in the South African war.

TWO M'KINLEY BLUNDERS.

How the Administration Is Betraying the Interests of the People.

An administration is to be judged quite as much by what it attempts to do as by what it actually does.

The success of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty and of the ship subsidy bill is not necessary to show where the McKinley administration stands. It has attempted to "dish" the Monroe doctrine and it has attempted to open the doors of the treasury to a raid as inexcusable as it is dishonest.

The suspicion existing for some time that there is a secret understanding of some description between the American and British governments is immensely strengthened by the circumstances under which the Hay-Pauncefote treaty was negotiated and has been pressed upon the senate.

In one sense it is not important whether the Nicaragua canal be fortified or not. The nation with the most powerful navy will probably control the use of it in case of war. It is of importance, however, whether the United States shall recognize the right of any European nation to interfere in a matter concerning American interests so closely as the Nicaragua canal does.

It has been known and admitted for 50 years that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, in which British claims to rights on the isthmus are recognized, was a mistake of great magnitude, to call it by no harsher name, and, in view of the fact that the treaty has been violated, and by one American administration has been denounced, it has been held by some of the ablest of American lawyers that it is no longer in force.

The present administration has acted on the theory that the treaty was still of binding force, and that in negotiating a new convention it was necessary to renew the recognition of British claims which made the earlier treaty so offensive to most Americans.

There was one excuse for Mr. Clayton which Mr. Hay cannot urge. In Mr. Clayton's day it was proposed to construct the canal with British capital. In Mr. Hay's day it is the intention to employ American money, and the people's money at that. What might have been urged as a concession of necessity in 1850 becomes, under the changed conditions in 1900, a surrender without palliation and without a purpose, except as there may be a secret understanding of some kind between the two governments.

If the right of any European power to interfere in the matter of an isthmian canal in America be admitted we shall prepare a world of trouble for ourselves. While the Monroe doctrine does not specifically cover this question, the importance of the canal in a military sense is so great that the nation in Europe which has anything to say about the canal will be in a position also to say a great deal about the matters with which the Monroe doctrine does deal with much particularity.

Whether there be fortifications at the entrance of the canal or not is a question which should be settled by the United States and by no other nation. The canal is to be built, if built at all, with American money. It will necessarily become an important factor in the coast defense of the republic. To complete this great enterprise with American money and then to relinquish American sovereignty over it would make the canal a source of weakness rather than of strength. It were better that there were no canal than that hundreds of millions of American money should be expended in an undertaking so vital to our own interests and which on completion would pass beyond our control

It has been held for half a century that Mr. Clayton was hoodwinked in his negotiations with Bulwer. With his example before the people all these years and with the knowledge of his mistake impressed upon all his successors, as it has been, what shall be said of Mr. John Hay, who enters deliberately into such another trap, baited, in all probability, in exactly the same manner? The apparent unwillingness of the United States senate to become a party to his folly is very creditable to it.

Mr. Hanna's intense personal interest in the proposed ship subsidy bill furnishes stronger evidence of the administration's attitude on this subject than anything which has appeared in the written or spoken utterances of the president.

The subsidy scheme is an administration measure. It is intended to enrich men who have commended themselves to the administration. It is unnecessary. It is extravagant. It is undoubtedly corrupt. It certainly will take millions of money wrung from the people by taxation and bestow it upon interests which have no claim whatever upon the generosity of the public. In its best aspect it is a lavish gift of public money under false pretenses to men already rich. In its worst aspect it is an unpardonable robbery of the people, involving personal dishonesty on the part of some of its promoters.

In both of these matters Mr. McKinley's administration has already made its record and must be judged accordingly. It has done its best in both cases to betray the interests of the people. Whether congress shall assent or not, the administration has committed itself beyond the power of anybody or anything to extricate it or to find excuse in wisdom and honesty for its course.—Chicago Chronicle.

——We have been told that the president means to pursue a peaceful policy, but the scepter of peace is sometimes concealed under an iron hand. Certainly none of the visible signs of a peaceful policy are as yet apparent. The president wants the army and navy increased and would like to have discretionary powers vested in him to swing the pendulum of war as he will. What kind of a "world power" does the administration propose to have us be?—Baltimore Sun.

——The fallacy of protection has been naturally weakened by the tremendously increased demand for American goods abroad, and it has received a more deadly blow still through the new issue of expansion. It is, as a matter of abstract reason, as effete as the fugitive slave law.—Kansas City Times.

THE PHILIPPINE QUESTION.

Still an Unsettled Subject That May Yet Rend the Republican Party.

If President McKinley supposed that the election would end opposition to his Philippine policy, he is finding out his mistake. Even in a republican congress, and among the republican members, the question is regarded as still extremely debatable, and it is evident that the discussion has only just begun. In a running debate in the house of representatives a few days ago one of the most vigorous and sensational speeches made was that of Mr. McCall, a Massachusetts republican, in opposition to President McKinley's policy. Mr. McCall had previously distinguished himself by the vigor of his opposition to the Porto Rico tariff bill; he had assailed the whole Philippine policy of the administration, and handled it without gloves. The government, Mr. McCall said, should have declared at the outset a policy in the Philippines similar to that which we declared in Cuba. Our system of government was manifestly unfit for a colonial policy. There was no community of interest between the people of these islands and the United States. No advocate of retaining the Philippines had been daring enough to maintain that they should be a part of our political system. In fact, the great argument in favor of the principle of the Porto Rican tariff was that if we could not apply that principle to Porto Rico we could not retain the Philippines. Upon what theory, he asked, are we to remain in that country? The motive that had been most widely put forth was that it was for our advantage, and especially our pecuniary advantage. In conclusion Mr. McCall said:

"The time has come when we can frankly declare our purposes. Let us give those people those assurances which our history inspires. Let us tell them that we will aid them for one year, or for five, if need be, in setting up a government of their own, symbolized by their own flag, and we will leave them all that is most glorious in the meaning of another flag—liberty, independence and self-government."

This might be an extract from some democratic speaker's utterances during the campaign, in opposition to the policy and tendencies of imperialism; but election is past, and we shall hear what the administration press and spokesmen have to say to such comments from one of their own men. So far from being settled, the Philippine question is likely to rend the republican party asunder before they are done with it. Already comes the announcement that the promises made before election, to bring home the soldiers in the Philippines at once, will not be kept; it is said that they are likely to be retained there until the last day of their enlistment. All hope of securing reenlistments has been practically abandoned. In addition to all this, there is the probability that the supreme court may knock down President McKinley's house of cards by a decision that the constitution follows the flag.—Albany Argus.

DISHONOR IS URGED.

Senator Beveridge's Suggestion Regarding the Stars and Stripes in Cuba.

"When the stars and stripes is hauled down in Cuba," said United States Senator Beveridge, in his speech at the New England society's annual banquet in New York city, "let it hang awhile at half-mast, in mourning for the people of Cuba, abandoned, and the duty of the United States, deserted."

It is difficult for Americans not filled with the McKinley administration's greed of conquest and of dominion over helpless and alien peoples to agree with this sentiment expressed by Senator Beveridge, especially with regard to an American desertion of duty in allowing the people of Cuba to establish their own independent government. Such Americans will see, instead, a splendid performance of American duty in so high and unselfish a course.

When this government declared war on Spain it was for the purpose of freeing Cuba and of making certain the establishment of a Cuban republic as desired by the Cuban people. There was no talk of taking Cuba from Spain and annexing it to the United States. Our declaration of war announced plainly the American belief that "the people of Cuba were then, and of right should be, free and independent." In these words we solemnly pledged our national honor to the freeing of Cuba.

The sole condition under which the stars and stripes should hang at half-mast in Cuba would be if we stultified ourselves by proving false to our word and annexing Cuba to the United States against the will of the Cuban people. Senator Beveridge to the contrary notwithstanding, this would be a shameful deed, and one to make Americans blush for all time to come. Senator Beveridge's regard for the national honor needs strengthening. The plain duty of the United States government, to which it is pledged before all the world, is to set Cuba free.—St. Louis Republic.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

——Doubtless some of the opposition to the ship subsidy bill comes from persons who, by defeating the measure, hope to show that some things can be done without the aid or consent of Mr. Hanna.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

——Marcus Aurelius Hanna frets because he finds there are senatorial limitations. Marcus would like to incorporate the upper house, fund its revenues, issue bonds and then officiate as president and general manager.—Minneapolis Times.

——The subsidies which the Hanna-Payne crowd are asking the United States taxpayers to donate to a few ship owners are greater than those paid by any other nation in the world. Of course. When we go a-begging or a-robbing let us go on horseback.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

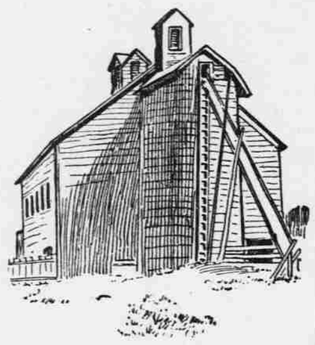
——Mr. Hanna's false logic was exemplified in his citation of the splendid increase in the traffic on the lakes. If he could have shown that the lake-carrying trade had been built up by subsidies or other legislative aid he might have made a formidable point, but this trade has been built up without any aid of this kind. The very citation he made was therefore an argument against him.—Toledo Bee.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

EVOLUTION OF SILOS.

Interesting Data Furnished by the Assistant Agrostologist of the Agricultural Department.

At first silos were either square or rectangular, but more or less difficulty was experienced from the spoiling of the silage at the corners, and it was also difficult to make the high wooden silo strong enough to resist the lateral pressure of the mass of silage, writes Assistant Agrostologist Williams, of the agricultural department. This led to the building of the circular silo, which form is generally preferred at the present time. There are no corners in such a silo, and a much stronger structure can be made with less building material than in the square or rectangular type. Moreover, the ca-



ROUND SILO ATTACHED TO BARN.

pacity of the round silo is greater in proportion to the wall space. It is the present practice, when building a square or rectangular silo, to board up or otherwise cut off the corners, thus lessening the danger of loss of silage. Metal linings for the inside of wooden silos have been tried, but with poor success, usually proving less durable than wood. Recently steel siding has been used in place of wood for the outer part of the wall of the silo, and it is said to compare favorably with lumber as to cost.

The first silos built in the United States were "pit silos," and these are still sometimes made, but, aside from their cheapness, they have no advantage of consequence over those built on top of the ground. A serious objection to them lies in the difficulty in feeding the silage from them. On side-hill situations they can sometimes be used advantageously. It is often possible to build the silo partly below and partly above ground, materially lessening the cost, but retaining the advantages of the above-ground silo.

The desirability of silage as a food for farm animals during the winter, and also in times of drought, has led to many attempts to construct cheap silos, especially in sections where building materials are high. One of the most satisfactory of these cheap structures is known as the "stave silo." It is built much as a round tank, but is without top or bottom other than the soil, and is composed of two-inch lumber of varying width held together by hoops of half-inch iron, with suitable blocks for tightening. When filled, a temporary roof may be placed on the silo, or straw or grass may be spread over the silage.

SILOS AND ENSILAGE.

Seven Leading Facts Relative to Their Value on Which Everybody Can Agree.

Twenty years' experience in the use of the silo has brought out some facts about which all are agreed.

First. That a larger amount of healthful cattle food can be preserved in the silo in better condition, at less expense of labor and land, than by any other method known.

Second. That silage comes nearer being a perfect substitute for the succulent food of the pasture than any other food that can be had in the winter.

Third. Thirty pounds a day is enough silage for an average sized Jersey cow. Larger cattle will eat more.

Fourth. A cubic foot of silage from the middle of a medium-sized silo will average about 45 pounds.

Fifth. For 182 days, or half a year, an average Jersey cow will require about six tons of silage, allowing for unavoidable waste.

Sixth. The circular silo, made of good hard wood staves, is cheapest and best.

Seventh. Fifteen feet in diameter and 30 feet a good depth. Such a silo will hold about 200 tons of silage, cut in half-inch lengths.—National Stockman.

Publicity Is Not Popular.

A contemporary tells of a creamery manager that wanted to stimulate the patrons of his creamery to produce more and better milk. He called them together and told them that if they desired it he would publish an annual report giving the details of the business, showing just how much each man had received for his milk, what per cent. of fat it contained according to the Babcock test, and just how many cows each man had used in the production of his milk. At the next meeting the patrons voted not to have the report. The good dairymen were afraid the poor ones would learn how they did it, and the poor ones were ashamed to have their records known. Publicity is one of the surest ways of getting better conditions, but a good many men are afraid of publicity.—Farmers' Review.

Dried Fruit in Demand.

According to consular reports from Germany the demand for American dried apples, peaches and raspberries is increasing. Consul General Mason at Berlin says, however, that to hold the market Americans must ship in large quantities of these things at moderate prices. That is going to be the trouble in the future as it has been in the past—the selling of our fruits low enough to hold the foreign markets. However, we have this to help us—the Europeans are accustomed to paying fairly high prices for their fruit.

A Resemblance.

"Isn't our grocer somewhat eccentric?" said Mr. Snaggs to his wife.

"Yes, and even his breakfast wheat is cracked," replied Mrs. Snaggs.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Tess—"Jack tried to kiss me last night." Jess—"Indeed? Of course you resisted?" Tess—"Certainly; every time."—Philadelphia Press.

Little Left to Stand On.

A scientist has now arisen who declares the Gulf stream is a myth. If science continues its devastating way we shall soon have nothing left to cling to but esoteric Buddhism and the significance of cat tracks.—N. Y. Press.

Father—"Where did you learn that new piece?" Daughter—"It isn't a new piece. The piano has been tuned."—Indianapolis News.